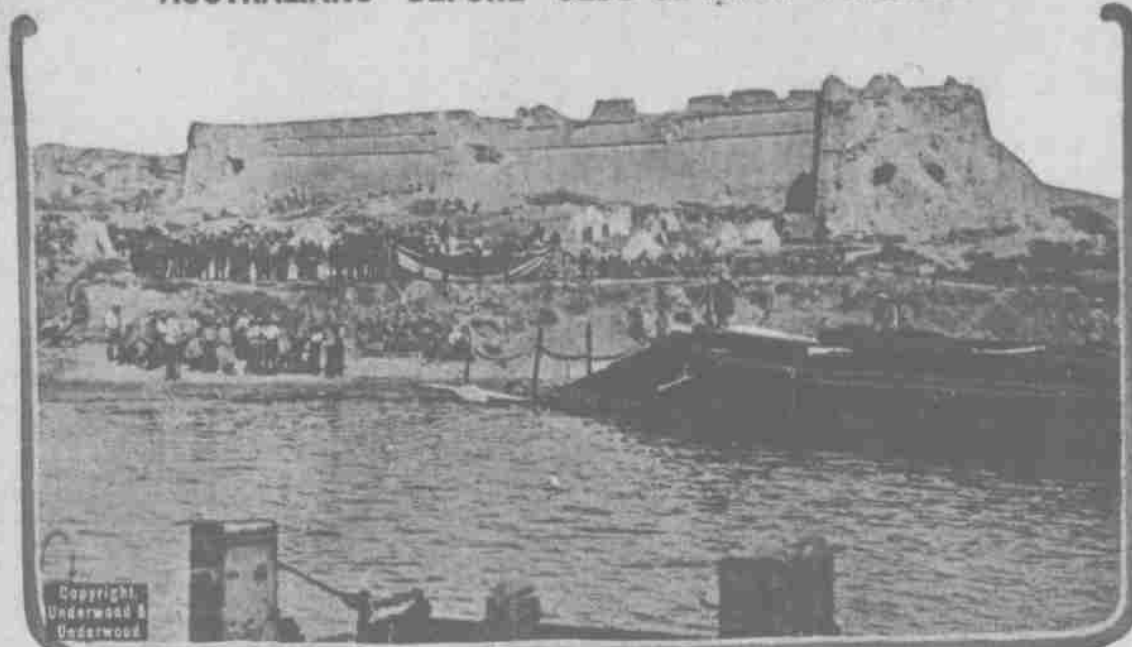


CHICAGO'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE FLY



In the effort of Chicago to eliminate the pest-carrying domestic fly the children of the public schools are being well utilized. A class in the Curtis school is here seen receiving instruction, the boys and girls dressed for the fray and armed with fly-swatters and cans of kerosene oil.

AUSTRALIANS BEFORE SEDD-UL-BAHR FORTRESS.



A glimpse of the fortress of Sedd-ul-Bahr, the Turkish citadel which, in the bombardment by the allies, was almost battered to pieces. In the foreground before the ruins are massed some of the allied troops, among whom the Australians are most prominent.

HOISTING WOUNDED ABOARD



Wounded soldier being hoisted aboard a hospital ship in the Dardanelles. He is strapped to a jacket made of stretchers.

Anonymous.

They are telling in Paris a story illustrative of the modesty of Anatole France. It seems the eminent author recently yielded to editorial persuasion and wrote a patriotic article for a Parisian daily paper. The publisher called in person to offer his thanks and to inquire what remuneration would be accepted. Anatole France flew into something very nearly resembling a rage at the mere mention of money. He did not wish, he said, to be paid for doing honor with his pen to the heroism of the French soldiers. The publisher was urgent. The author was resolute. Eventually, however, the matter was compromised. The newspaper was to send to the front (it was still winter time) a carload of coal to warm the half-frozen fighting men there between tours of duty.

"Naturally," said the publisher, "we will mark it 'Sent by M. Anatole France.'"

"You will do nothing of the sort," retorted the author—and on this point he was adamant. The coal was sent anonymously.

PROTECTED AGAINST ENEMY'S BOMBS



Scene in a French trench showing the wire netting set up to protect the soldiers from bombs dropped by the enemy aviators.

RELIEF FOR GALICIAN PEASANTS



One of the many stations erected in Galicia for the distribution of bread and salt to the peasantry during the campaign.

Best of References.

Mrs. Hiram Daly—Can you get a reference from your last employer?

Applicant—Sure I can. I've been

workin' for meself for the last six months, an' I can recommend meself to yess very highly.—Boston Evening Transcript.

ROAD BUILDING

GREAT BENEFIT TO FARMERS

Three-Hour Trip to Town Cut Down to Thirty Minutes by Advent of Gasoline Motor Car.

(By L. J. OLLIER.)

The prosperity of a state depends largely upon good roads. They mean cheaper transportation, better living conditions, and happier homes. Quick communication ranks as the great factor in the universal dissemination of knowledge. Where good roads abound sectionalism cannot exist.

The desire for good roads leading to a city that those with automobiles could have a greater pleasurable touring radius first brought the matter prominently to the fore as a good roads movement with automobile backing.

Gradually the farmer, antagonistic at first, began to take an interest. With good roads and an automobile he could cut down the three hour trip to town to perhaps thirty minutes.

Good roads brought the doctor quickly—at a time when minutes were precious. Good roads and an automobile took the family to town in the evening, something unheard of before, or to visit a friend or relative in a distant part of the county. When farmers learned that other farmers were doing these things, that good roads and automobiles made them possible, then they, too, desired good roads for their own county.

By means of the telephone and quick motor truck delivery the farmer is now able to top the market. He can rush his produce to market at the right moment to command the best price. But he could not do it were his roads not well built and in good repair. Consequently the farmer is now most active in the agitation for good roads and jealous of any legislative power delegated to irresponsible authorities.

While in time every road should be a good road, yet all the work cannot be done at once. Therefore the authorities who are building roads should see that each one is linked to another to make continuous highways. The advantage of this lies in the fact that the main arteries of travel will then first receive the attention of the good roads builders. It will also facilitate touring, in itself a valuable asset for any community.

It is interesting to note that in 1913 Ohio had the largest mileage of improved roads of any state in the Union with 28,312 miles. Indiana was second and New York third. Illinois was seventh with 9,000 miles. While New York can claim the greatest progress in road building from 1909 to 1913, having built nearly 10,000 miles in that time, I feel that the work California is now doing probably puts that state in the lead. I have just returned from California and am amazed at the



Gravel Road Near Richmond, Ind.

wonderful way in which this state is taking hold of good roads work.

Three years ago California appropriated \$18,000,000 for good roads. The various counties each appropriated in addition from \$250,000 to \$3,500,000 for the improvement of county roads which are feeders to the main highways. Los Angeles county has over 400 miles of improved roads. By September one will be able to drive from Los Angeles to San Francisco by the coast route and return by the valley route over continuous good roads—a boulevard 1,000 miles in length.

The same agitation that brought California its appropriation for good roads is now being waged elsewhere throughout the West. In some places actual work is in progress. The state of Utah has passed favorably upon an improved road that eventually will be part of one all the way from the Yellowstone National park to the Grand canyon of the Colorado river in Arizona.

In the East New York is working out its good roads plan and I am interested in the efforts Illinois is making to improve its roads.

Work for Convicts.

If set to work on our public highways the convicts in our prisons would go out into the world after their sentences are fulfilled better qualified to take their places as self-respecting men and stronger mentally, morally and physically. This aspect of the good roads' subject is receiving constantly increasing attention.

DOG VALUABLE IN WARFARE

Intelligent Animal Brings Sorely Needed Aid to Wounded During a Lull in the Fighting.

A war correspondent speaks of a French soldier who, in writing to his family, told how his life was saved by the pet dog of his regiment. Struck by a fragment of shell in the arm and with a saber cut over the head, the wounded man was lying half-covered by the dead bodies of his comrades, when he felt a light touch on his forehead. It was Tom, the regiment's dog.

In spite of his pain the soldier tried to raise himself up a little. He knew that the animal was trained to carry to the camp a wounded man's cap, but he had lost his own. The dog hesitated, and the soldier said to him: "Run quickly, Tom; go and find my comrades. Go on—find them!"

Then Tom understood. He dashed away to the camp, ran about among the men, pulling their coats and barking, and at last succeeded in drawing two ambulance men to the spot where the wounded soldier lay. He was taken up quickly, cared for by the surgeons, and today he is fast recovering.

Tom goes toward the firing line as soon as the bullets begin to fly. He scratches a hole in the ground and crouches there. During the lulls in the firing he does duty with the ambulance men, and helps to save the wounded.

Indian Forced to Succumb.

The white man and the Indian never could mix, and the Indian has had to succumb. All of us admire the Indian and would like to see him survive for all time; but it appears impossible that with advancing civilization he can continue. The Indian simply will not submit to the changed conditions; he still dreams of the 'happy hunting ground,' and the forest and stream, and nothing the government can do for him can reconcile him. The automobile and other things have helped him along in his reckless career, but tuberculosis has been the most destroying element in the life of the American aborigine.

Fond of Powder.

"Well, here is a question settled of great national importance."

"Tell me quick."

"I see men of fashion this summer are to wear low-necked shirts."

Geometry Required.

Plato is said to have written over his door: "Let no one ignorant of geometry enter here." Today such a restriction would reduce his standing list. Perhaps outside the professional mathematicians he would have no one at all. All the artists, the philanthropists, the historians, to say nothing of those ladies and gentlemen of leisure whose critical faculties are so importantly developed nowadays, would certainly be absent, and, worse still, would suffer very little at their exclusion. Yet going back into the centuries for guests, a distinguished company might have been assembled of those who, without being famous merely for mathematical studies, were known to have understood and loved the subject. The Greek philosophers would have been there in a body. Alphonse X, Omar Khayyam, Albert Durer, Leonardo da Vinci, Descartes, Pascal, Napoleon and Lewis Carroll.

Grass Widow's Grievance.

"That fortune teller got all mixed up on my husbands," said the grass widow as she left the seventh daughter, with an escort holding tight. "She said I had had two; then she wouldn't say I would have three. I thought that mean of her. Instead, she kept on saying what a nice husband I had now, what a fine man he was, and all that idiosyncrasy. Why, my husband is the meanest little brute that ever lived. I haven't laid eyes on him for two years. Now, why do you suppose that fortune teller kept on saying he was such a nice husband?" she demanded. "That's easy," said the escort. "She thought I was your husband and she'd got to tell my fortune when she had finished yours."

Training Baby.

Yells from the nursery brought the mother, who found the baby gleefully pulling small Billy's curls.

"Never mind, darling," she comforted. "Baby doesn't know how it hurts."

Half an hour later wild shrieks from the baby made her run again to the nursery.

"Why, Billy!" she cried. "What is the matter with the baby?"

"Nothing, muzzer," said Billy, calmly, "only now he knows!"—Harper's.

Taking No Chances.

"Dearest," he said, "can I get you a nice diamond ring for Christmas?"

"No, darling," whispered the far-seeing young thing. "I will take the ring now. Let Christmas bring its happy surprise, just as usual."



Crisp little bits of Indian Corn, rolled thin as paper, and toasted to a golden brown.

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